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GOING TO THE VOLCANO.

IN a green landscape by the sea-shore stands a house of no tropical fashion, but built after a trim New England pattern. It is two stories high, and gleams in its white paint among the bread-fruit and pride-of-India trees, as if it were peeping out from among the New England pines. The garden is filled with guava and coffee trees, the latter bright with their snowy blossoms: a little stream, brought in an artificial channel from the hills, ripples through it; and flowers, that have sprung from seeds brought from America, bloom upon the foreign soil, and remind the Americans in Hilo of their distant native land.

The tidy little house is, to-day, a scene of unusual confusion. The little packet schooner has arrived from Honolulu, laden with American and English visitors, who have come to see the Volcano of Kilauea, thirty miles distant from the shore. Hilo has, or at that time had, no inns; and travelers threw themselves, with what would seem, even in our own Far West, a somewhat unceremonious freedom, upon the hospitality of the missionaries and other foreigners in the little village. But guests are received, from year to year, with a tireless welcome, and entertained as if they were old friends instead of strangers. In each corner of the pastor's house, even in his study, a visitor is quartered; and the little dining room is filled with hungry guests from remote ends of the earth. Here is an English nobleman, who has found his way to Hawaii in his own tight yacht; or you may see a Chi-

nese merchant there, who comes from the antipodes, and declares that in his country the volcanic fire would not be left to toss and roar at the distance of a hard day's ride from the sea-shore, but would be brought down the mountain in a suitable canal to the sea, for the greater convenience of visitors. The volcano was such a centre of attraction, and made such a variety of people, from remote corners of the world, our guests, that we used sometimes to boast that Hilo was the real centre of the world.

Let us glance into the room where the travelers' packing is going on. No trunks, valises, or carpet

bags appear. A dozen large calabashes serve instead; in these such effects as are needed for a three or four days' trip are stowed away; a lid, formed from the half of a gourd, protects the contents from the risk of rain, and the whole is inclosed in a stout net of cinet: one calabash is hung from each end of an elastic stick of *hibiscus*, and a stout native marches away under his load, which he is glad to carry all day for a Spanish dollar.

In the morning, betimes, the company starts, the

side of which Kilauea is situated. As our travelers progress the air grows cooler, and the mountain-winds whistle drearily among the stunted foliage of the upland trees. Forests are passed, and thickets of gigantic ferns whose stems form a tree-like trunk ten or fifteen feet high; the road passes near the cones of extinct craters, and, far off, the tender tropical blue of the sea shows, above the forests, a tint as delicate as that of the Mediterranean around Capri. The huge dome of Mauna Loa rises higher and more

grandly as our travelers approach it; upon the summit rests a crown of new fallen snow, and light volcanic vapors blow away from it, if it chance to be a time of activity at the summit of the crater. Underneath our travelers' feet is a rough surface of decaying volcanic rock, long since ejected from the crater which we are approaching. It has cooled, in the shape of great billows, like those of a storm at sea; and now slowly disintegrating, under the action of the elements, it affords a soil for coarse grasses, berries, ferns and even a foot-hold for the roots of trees.

The horses pick their way along the wretched road, and their riders become more silent as the day wears on. If they are good travelers, or if their time is short, they will push on before night-fall to the volcano; not to the summit of the mountain, and to the vast crater there. That crater is but seldom active; and the pathless wastes of that dome are seldom visited. It is the lateral crater, Kilauea, that we are soon to see.

As we approach the great volcano a sense of awe comes over us, even those who have

been there oftenest before. We are in a bleak, wild, upland country; and it seems bleaker and wilder as we approach. The ground is rent into fissures and chasms, at which the horses shy, and clouds of steam float away for ever from their depths. The scarred faces of the hills are stained with sulphur and gypsum, and there is a strong smell of sulphur in the air. A line of wild geese passes over us, in their ponderous and wedge-like flight, moving swiftly toward their hiding-places in the mountain, and to their fields of upland berries. Before us a great white cloud of smoke rises constantly with a slow writhing



It oftentimes happens that a child
Can make us think of what we were,
And back the happy season bring
When we were free from grief and care.

It sometimes happens that we see
A likeness, in that cherub face,
To one who in our open hearts
Hath found an everlasting place. — L. M. Thornton.

luggage carriers at the head, their loads swaying and creaking as they move off with an elastic step. The visitors follow, mounted on sorry-looking steeds of an inferior native breed, and striding Spanish saddles with high wooden pommels. The youngsters, when permitted to go, are mounted on donkeys, and bring up the rear of the cavalcade, indulging in various philosophical remarks, at which the elders smile, and making observations of men and manners for the benefit of the future readers of *THE ALDINE*.

The rough path winds slowly inland, climbing the gradual slope of the great mountain dome upon the

motion. It is the cloud that rolls away from an eternal fire. The slope of the mountain falls away to a gravelly level; the land seems eaten away by fire. We press rapidly on, the volcano seeming, in our impatience, to recede from us; when, suddenly, a vast chasm opens before us, and we stand in the full presence of the awful sight. No great view that I have ever seen breaks thus instantly upon the spectator. Mountains grow upon you from afar like palaces, cathedrals, or pyramids; of lakes and hamlets you catch far glimpses that give a foretaste of their beauty; but Kilauea, the indescribable, is invisible, too, until the instant when you see the whole.

In a vast upland plain the pit sinks away, vast and black, scarred with volcanic seams, an enormous sunken plain of grisly lava, three miles long and two broad. The bottom of that pit is sunken a thousand feet or more below the level at which we stand. Dizzy and perpendicular cliffs form its walls; and you wonder, as you look, how a descent can be made into that seemingly infernal domain. From the far end of the pit, when the thickest smoke rolls away, you see red, glowing spots of fire, that shine luridly in the shadow of the western crater wall, and seem to move uneasily from place to place. The whole bottom of this enormous chasm is seamed and fissured with millions of cracks and chasms, and puffs of vapor float away from these, relieved against the black profound. One thinks of the Bottomless Pit, where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever;" or if one's reading, like that of the "Doctor of Phisicke," in Chaucer, has been "but litel on the Bible;" the scene will rather remind him of that dark pool described by Dante, whose surface was incessantly disturbed by the sighs of damned souls plunged far beneath its surface.

We linger on the brink of the great crater. The fires slowly brighten, as the daylight dies away; or, it may be, that their energy really increases, by the virtue of some fitful volcanic law; while we gaze, we hear the sound of distant explosions, and see the vivid scintillations of the lava, as it is hurled high in air by the force of exploding gases. As night draws on, the lava grows intensely vivid and brilliant; but we must not forget our supper.

Within a few yards of the brink of the crater stands a little hut with thatched roof. It is earthquake-proof, for its walls are composed of stout poles planted in the ground, to which the steep rafters are firmly lashed. Within, the ground, beaten hard and level, and strewed with grass or covered with mats, forms the floor; and thick layers of mats, spread upon square frames of wood or platforms of earth, form the beds upon which our company is to rest. In the centre of our hotel a wood-fire blazes brightly; but it is rather for warmth than for culinary purposes; for, on the Hawaiian Islands, it is chilly at our present elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Besides, a larger fire than this is already burning for the cooking of our dinner. It is, in fact, the very largest fire in the world, and one that has burned from time immemorial—the central fire of the planet itself. All around the crater are fissures in the ground, intensely heated by the steam that escapes from them. It is only necessary to bury meats or vegetables in this heated earth to cook them deliciously. The news of our party's arrival had no sooner reached the "Volcano House," as our present lodging is called, than the natives buried in this way our uncooked dinner, wrapped in

thick layers of broad leaves that contain the juices of the food, and add somewhat of their own succulent flavors to it.

We have gazed our fill at the great crater, and the wild scenery around, and feel the bleak wind that sweeps constantly over its track, as if pressing us to leap and follow it down the airy gulf. Entering the house for warmth and rest we find dinner spread; and after it is eaten we stow ourselves away upon the mats and sleep dreamlessly until next morning, unless we should be awakened during the night to see some unusual display in the lava-lake of the crater.

Soon after an early breakfast the descent to the lake of fire commences. The narrow path winds downward over long reaches of sand and scoria, and among thickets of sandal-wood, and other less valu-

native chieftain, who perished from this cause, in 1780, with his followers, upon the brink of the same crater.

The weary walk draws to a close. We are close upon the vast column of mineral smoke that rises eternally from the lake of fire; we hear the loud yet dull sounds that it emits; we see lurid masses of red tossed heavily into the air; and, in another moment, we stand upon the bank of the molten lake, a pit within a pit, the "Ha-le Mau-Mau," or Everlasting House of Fire of the native mythology.

It is a sluggish sea of molten lava, half a mile in diameter, moving and boiling restlessly. It is not all red; most of its surface is covered over with thick cakes of congealed lava, upon which artillery might march, were it not for the heat. But each moment one of these great cakes is heaved off from the edge,

by the volcanic force, like a cake of ice in the East River when struck by a heavy ferry-boat. Slowly raising itself on one side, and sinking into the fusion of the other, it discloses a great patch of glowing, white-hot lava, which roars and emits blue flame, and tosses furiously to and fro as billows, or sends up jets of melted mineral. The fragment, reared on edge, goes down into the glowing mass to be remelted. The spot, thus bared of its covering, rages fiercely for awhile, a seething caldron of melted lava, and you shield your face from the intense heat; but soon this enormous radiation of heat cools it: a crust, at first reddish, then of a lovely silvery gray, then of a vitreous brown, covers the fiery sea. The process is constantly repeated elsewhere, with a roaring like that of great billows on the sea-shore.

We dip up specimens of the melted lava, where it oozes from crevices on the floor of the crater; we get our faces burned by the glare of the heat, and our shoe-soles worn through by the gnawing points of the lava-crust on which we walk; we load ourselves with lovely specimens of sulphur crystals and of lava, cooled in fantastic forms; we eat a hearty lunch, climb the walls of the crater again, and start for Hilo. On the third day after leaving it, we are safely at home by the sea-side. — T. M. Coan.

STUFFING BIRDS.

TO STUFF a bird well is a great art, which can only be acquired after much practice. The mere mechanical part of the operation is no easy thing to master—although with care and perseverance, and a set of

nimble fingers, wherewith to handle the requisite tools and manipulate the necessary materials, a few months of practice would make any one, who really loves natural history and seeks to preserve its examples for their own sake, a very proficient workman.

The implements to be used are few and simple, and may be thus summed up: A knife, with a slightly curved and pointed blade, which can be purchased at any store, or at any stall in the public streets; a pair of cutting pliers; a pair of strong scissors, not large, but of medium size; a button-hook; a narrow spoon, and a hand vise. Add to these a needle and thread, and a hone to sharpen your knife with when it gets dull, and your outfit is complete for work, so far as tools are concerned. In order, however, to get the bird into shape and strengthen its wings, legs, and body, you must provide yourself with annealed wires of various sizes. You may not always be able to purchase wire of this description at the shops; but so long as the material is good and suitable you can anneal it yourself, by putting it into the fire until it is



"Which in infancy lisped"

able trees. To cut the sandal-wood is forbidden by law; but we furtively break off branches of it, feeling that dread of the law which I have since found to be considerably less powerful in New York than it was in the Hawaiian Islands. Out there, they believe that laws are made to be enforced. We descend for half an hour, until the bottom of the crater is reached. A great rolling surface of lava, black and gray, and, where it is freshest, glistening in the sunlight at a million bright points of iridescence, expands before us; it is a cool sea of what was once, and even recently, liquid fire. It crackles like an ice crust as we tread over it, "sounding on our dim and perilous way" with heavy walking-sticks, in order that we fall into no treacherous fissure, concealed by the brittle mineral crust. For an hour we toil slowly along the nearly level bottom of the crater, suffering both from the solar and the subterranean heat. We make long detours to avoid clouds of sulphur vapor, that pour from hot fissures and threaten the danger of suffocation; and we think of the fate of Ke-ou-a, a